THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CARROLL COUNTY.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE. —o— ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 8, 1904. VOL. 73--NO. 28.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of Administration on the estate of

SUSANNAH SHAEFFER,

late of Carroll County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of January, 1905, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 27th day of June, 1904.

HARRY K. SHAEFFER, Administrator.

jy 1 4t

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

First National Bank, New Windsor, Md. New Windsor, June 30th, 1904.

The President and Directors have this day declared a dividend for the Six Months of

THREE AND A HALF (3½) PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock, clear of U. S., State and County Taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 11th, 1904.

NATHAN H. BAILE, Cashier.

jy 1 3t

DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 92.

Farmers and Mechanics National Bank of Westminster. Westminster, Md., June 30th, 1904.

The President and Directors have this day declared a Divident of

THREE AND A HALF PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock, out of the earnings of the past six months, payable to the stockholders of this date, on and after July 11th, 1904, clear of Federal, State and County Taxes.

JOHN H. CUNNINGHAM, Cashier.

jy 1 3t

DIVIDEND NOTICE 176.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., July 1st, 1904.

The Board of Directors of this Bank have this day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of the Bank, less Taxes, payable on and after Thursday, 7th July, 1904.

J. W. HERING, Cashier.

jy 1 3t

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., June 30th, 1904.

The President and Directors have this day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of

FOUR AND ONE-HALF PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock of this Bank payable on and after July 11th, 1904. Taxes will be deducted from dividend.

GEORGE R. GEHR, Cashier.

jy 1 3t

Painless Dentistry.



DR. W. J. SELBY, formerly of this city, has opened a Dental Office at the property recently purchased by him from Mr. Leander Gladhill, adjacent to Westminster, and will practice Dentistry on the premises named, on

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

of each week. All work previously done by me which is not satisfactory will be replaced free of charge. Teeth extracted po itively without pain.

Sets of Teeth	$4.00 and up.
Teeth filled with Gold	1.00 and up.
Teeth filled with Silver	75c.
Teeth filled with Amalgam	50c.
Gold Crown	$4.00 and up.
Vitalized Air	75c.
Teeth cleaned	50c.

Bridgework at Reduced Rates. All work guaranteed.

DR. W. J. SELBY, Westminster, Md.

ap 15 tf

DR. O. W. BARTON,
Surgeon Dentist,

wishes to announce to his patrons and the public that he has purchased the exclusive right to use

Dr. Squire's method of Painless Dentistry,

which is guaranteed to be perfectly painless in the extracting, filling and treating of teeth. Also gas and other anesthetics used for painless extracting of teeth.

Crown and Bridge Work a SPECIALITY.

All work guaranteed or money refunded. If your wish to keep your teeth in a nice healthy condition use

Dr. O. W. Barton's Superlative TOOTH POWDER,

which may be obtained at his office or Boyle's Drug Store.

OFFICE 67 E. Main Street, opposite Firemen's Hall, Westminster, Md. dec 11 tf

Hustle! Hustle!!

WHERE IS THE HUSTLE? WHY AT

J. W. Lockard & Son's

DOUBLE STORE, ON LIBERTY ST., where you will find the largest stock of

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

in Westminster, and at prices that keep us hustling and bustling to supply the trade.

Come and see for yourself. What the eyes see and the ears hear that can you believe.

Yours for business,

J. W. LOCKARD & SON., 13 and 15 Liberty Street, Westminster. C. and P. Phone. an 16 1y

IF YOU WANT TO GET Good Whiskey

CALL AT

A. C. Strasburger's,

where you will find the largest stock of

WHISKEY, BRANDY, GIN, RUM and WINES,

and at less prices than anywhere in Westminster.

A. C. STRASBURGER, NO. 73 EAST MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER, MD.

C. and P. Telephone 222. aug-25-03

FRANK I. HERR. GEORGE W. BABYLON

HERR & BABYLON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Coaches, Carriages, Buggies,

PHAETONS, RUNABOUTS, TRAPS JAGGER WAGONS, ETC.

WE PUT ON OUR OWN RUBBER TIRES.

Orders Filled Promptly. All Work Warranted. Special Attention Given to Repairing.

Factory Opposite Montour House, No. 56 W. MAIN St., WESTMINSTER, Md. Md. 'Phone. sept-12-1y

JOHN BEAVER,

WESTMINSTER, Md.

FINE MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES, in MARBLE and POLISHED GRANITE.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED. mar 11 6m*

100,000 SHINGLES FOR SALE.

I have for sale 100,000 second growth white Chestnut Shingles, at $4.00 per thousand on the ground.

VINCENT YINGLING, Westminster, Md. ju 3 tf

Hering's Department Store.

Queen Quality, the Famous $3.00 Shoe for Women.

There are many different shoes for women now on sale—some good, some medium, some bad. But there is only one shoe to be considered when it comes to the question of fit.

That Shoe is the Queen Quality.

Its just fun for us to get a chance at fitting the feet that other stores can't fit. One reason is we know how, and the other reason is we have

Queen Quality, the Famous Shoe for Women.

There are other folks "who know how," but they don't have Queen Quality Shoes. These shoes have all the points of beauty that women seek, but one GREAT DISTINGUISHING feature that characterizes Queen Quality Shoes, is their knack of perfectly fitting the foot. We have the sole right of sale for Westminster.

Just a word about our Picture Framing Dept.

It has been a success, and what has made it? The work we have done has been entirely satisfactory and having just received a large amount of new and beautiful mouldings, we are prepared to do all kinds of picture framing at short notice. It will pay you to see onr line of mouldings and get our prices before going elsewhere.

Porch Rockers. Porch Rockers.

If you want to enjoy a comfortable evening on your porch, an easy chair is the thing you need. Come and look at our large stock of Porch Rockers. We have them at all prices, from $1.12 to $4.00 each.

Chas. E. Hering, Westminster, Md.

SPECIAL ITEMS OF INTEREST For MEN and BOYS, at SHARRER & GORSUCH'S, WESTMINSTER, MD.

100 Suits, small lots, 3 and 4 Suits of a kind, bought from a large manufacturer of Clothing at a price that we can sell you, while they last, Suits made to sell for $10.00 and worth it for

$7.00 AND $8.00.

We sell the famous STROUSE BROS. and MARK'S CLOTHING, in FINE SUITS. What we have left in these goods at a special reduction. Remember these are best makers of ready-to-wear Clothing in the world.

Too many fine Knee Pants Suits left. They must be sold. Bring your boys in.

HOT WEATHER COATS.—Alpacas, Serges and Wash Coats.

25 doz. MEN'S 50c SHIRTS.—Positively the handsomest 50c Shirts ever brought to Westminster. We sell the usual kind of 50c Shirts at 35c. See new Monarch $1.00 Shirts.

SPECIAL IN UNDERWEAR.—75c quality 40c or 75c Suit. Splendid Shirts and Drawers 25c. New things every week in Ties, Collars, Belts and Hosiery. Knee Pants 25c. 20c doz. of these, best ever sold for 25c. See our 45c Working Shirts, sold always at 50c. The best place to buy your Cotton Pants. The kind that don't rip and still selling at old price.

Special Big Bargains in SUITS and TROUSERS to order now.

oct 11 1y 6

SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

KEEFER & SULLIVAN.

NEW WHITE FISH, Just arrived, all sizes.

Call and Get Our Prices.

Fresh Cakes and Crackers from the N. B. C. Co. every week.

A few of our prices: Hams, Shoulders, Bacon and Bologna 10 cents a pound.

Moth Balls 5 cents a pound, all you want. Best Fly Paper, 4 double sheets, for 5 cents.

Best Coffee in Westminster for 15c pound. Good Flour 50 cents a sack.

R. J. R. Smoking Tobacco 6 for 25 cents. Prize Tea—a present with every package.

Larkins' Sweet Home Soap 6 for 25 cents. Wanted—Ear Corn $3.50 per barrel.

Wanted—Fresh Eggs at 15 a dozen.

Give us a call by either Phone, and ask our prices.

jan 3 03 18 KEEFER & SULLIVAN, 88 and 92 E. Main St., Westminster.

FOR SALE.

One 8-horse power Portable Frick ENGINE, in good running order; One 6-horse Fleetwood SEPARATOR, with both belt and rod attachment, good as new, run only 2 years. CHEAP, if sold at once.

CLOVER SEED AT MARKET PRICE.

THE W. H. DAVIS CO., Corner W. Main and John Sts. Westminster, Md.

Paint Cannot Be Made Of Greater Covering Capacity and density combined than DAVIS' 100 PER CENT Pure Paint

When you buy paint, see that the guarantee clearly states, how pure it is.

If our paint is not 100 per cent Pure as our guarantee label designates, no charge is made for the paint.

The WESTMINSTER HARDWARE Co., DISTRIBUTORS, Westminster - Maryland.



LISTEN!

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET STYLE AS WELL AS A GOOD LIKENESS IN YOUR

PHOTOGRAPHS AT

Mitchell's

Art Gallery over Bowers' Store, Westminster, Md. oct 25 03

FOUND! FOUND!

A PLACE WHERE I CAN BUY

CUT GLASS, CHINA, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fountain Pens, Sterling Silver Novelties, Umbrellas, Pocket Books.

1847 Rogers' celebrated Silverware. Violin, Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Strings and Findings; a place where I can get Glasses to fit my face and suit my eyes.

A place to have my Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired reasonable, and that place is Cassell's Jewelry Store.

Yours Respectfully, JAMES H. CASSELL, Westminster, Md.

jy 5 6

J. S. MYERS, D. D. S. J. E. MYERS, D. D. S.

MYERS BROTHERS, Surgeon Dentists, WESTMINSTER, MD.

We are prepared to do all kinds of

Dental Work. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

Plate work and repairing will be given prompt attention. Gas administered.

J. E. Myers will be in New Windsor, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week and in Westminster the remainder of the week.

J. S. Myers will be in Westminster every day except the first Friday and Saturday of each month, when he will be in TANEYTOWN.

Maryland and C. & P. Telephone. aug 23 02 tf

One Mother.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only ONE MOTHER the wide world over.

GOOD ENEMIES.

—:o:—

As the shadows deepened across the twisting trail which Marsden followed, and no sign of human habitation had yet appeared, he began to realize that he had been a trifle too impetuous in setting out alone over strange roads, when the day was already advanced.

"This is what I get for knowing more than anybody else," he reflected, philosophically, peering into the tangled vegetation ahead of him for some token that the end of his journey was near, but finding only more shadows, and an increasingly difficult path. "I believe these hills and valleys were especially designed for unsuspecting strangers to get lost in. Now I may have the pleasure of camping out in this tropical wilderness all night, on an empty stomach, and catching the duce knows how many fevers, providing that mythical brigand doesn't catch me. If he comes, I shall try to make it pleasant for him."

He pushed ahead rapidly, seeking a more promising spot for his lonely camp. Instinctively his hand went to his revolvers as he remembered the good American gold in his belt.

The bushes at the side of the path rustled ominously, and as his horse shied, Marsden's revolver flashed up and gleamed darkly out of the shadows, the swish of something driving swiftly through the air, and Marsden dropped like a log, under a crushing blow on his head.

The report of his revolver echoed through the hills, and an impatient Spanish curse answered it, as a man stepped out from the bushes and seized the frightened horse, for Senor Gonzales, half-breed by birth and brigand by profession, was a gentleman who eschewed loud noises, preferring to do his work quietly, like some low-flying night-bird in search of prey. Then, with ungentle hands, he jerked Marsden up into the saddle, binding him there as he lurched forward, and together they picked their way through the dark woods, the watchful brigand keeping eye and ear alert for danger, and the still shivering horse, with the limp dead weight strapped down on his back.

When consciousness at last came back to Marsden, he lay dazed and uncomprehending for some minutes, in the corner where he had been thrown, trying to fit himself back to his own identity, and his identity to the surroundings in which he found himself. The blow on his head had left it bewildered and dizzy, with an all-pervading ache, but as the light of reasoning consciousness filtered back into his mind, a dull resentment took hold of him. His right shoulder was wrenched and horribly sore from his fall, and his captor had bound him with a distinct disregard for his physical comfort.

It was dark in the corner where he lay, but slowly he made out the walls of a hut, and then, as the sound of deep drawn breaths came to his ears, he followed it to a rough bed, vaguely outlined in the far corner. A woman, entering quietly, had thrown herself downward across it, and the sound of her smothered sobs came painfully to Marsden across the little room.

It needed but this strange touch to put all his faculties on the alert, and not a movement betrayed his return to consciousness as the woman presently arose and went outside.

Through the open door his eyes followed her, and saw his captor standing by a small fire. The flickering light danced on the man's face and struck out gleaming lights from a sinister looking machete laid across his arm, but his attention was centered on Marsden's revolvers, which he was examining with infinite satisfaction. Marsden's wrath rose to boiling point, and he ground his teeth impotently as he watched.

The woman came forward and began mechanical preparations for a meal, and Marsden saw that the face which bent over the fire was young and comely, although disfigured by recent tears. Presently she stopped and stood close to the man.

"You will do it, Pedro? You will promise me this much?"

Marsden's Spanish was lame and halting at best, but he strained his ears to catch and understand her words, wondering what this could mean. Her youthfully round face worked painfully as she looked up at Pedro, her hands on her chest and her eyes burning insistently into his. He did not move nor repulse her, but the guttural rumble of his answer conveyed no intelligence to the listening prisoner. Her voice, although low, was clearer, and Marsden's blood tingled with a sense of impending tragedy as she stepped back and threw out her arms in an unconsciously dramatic gesture.

"Pedro, I have been a good wife to you. I left all that I had to go with you, and my father's curse followed me, and its on me yet. Have I ever reproached you with these things, or raised my voice against whatever you chose to do? You will do this one thing for me, Pedro? Or I would do it myself, oh, so gladly, if there were danger for you—if you would but let me! You will not—oh, you cannot leave me here like a dog!"

Her voice broke huskily in a storm of passionate tears, and she fled back into the little hut, flinging herself once more on the rough bed in the corner, uttering little moans which made Marsden shiver.

The tall brigand must have had a soft heart, even though his weapon had been so very hard against Marsden's head, and he slowly followed her in, pausing to bend over his prisoner by the way and push him curiously with his foot. Marsden lay there inertly, with his eyes closed and suspended breath, blessing the kindly darkness of his corner, and with a final shove, his captor went over to the woman, saying little except for an occasional guttural word or two, which left the prisoner hopelessly unenlighted as to the nature of the little hill tragedy before his eyes. Only this one thing was plain; the words were kind, and the violence of her grief was subsiding, although she lay in a huddled heap at his feet, while he stood arrow straight, looking down at her.

Then they went out again, and for Marsden the import of these things faded into blankness before his own situation. What would this villainous looking halfbreed do with him? The ache in his head and shoulder reminded him that mercy would be scant, that life itself hung on a slender thread of expediency. He strained at his bonds cautiously, seeking a weak point.

The fairness of early morning still hung over the valley, touched the hilltops with rose-lights, and lingered, fresh and sweet-smelling, in the faintly stirring air. On a near by plantation the peons had already gone forth to the coffee fields, but here in the tiny village men were less industrious, for why should a man bend his back to labor when generous nature provides fruit at hand for his eating, and a very few garments will suffice?

It was a languid little village, with a few straggling houses and a small, bare church in the middle of all. Even the church was closed, and the only sign of life was a dust-stained peon, sitting on the ground by the church door. His light shirt and trousers—his only garments—were torn to brambles, and the weariness of a long journey spoke in the droop of his head as he leaned against the church wall, his knees drawn close under his chin, and in his mouth a bit of straw, which he chewed absently as he waited.

Evidently he had come far in the early morning, and the cause of his coming lay beside him, a bit of a pasteboard box, lidless and frail, but there were bright, wild-blooming flowers twined over the edge, and within it lay a tiny naked child, quite still and cold, with small wasted hands crossed over its breast, and another bright flower placed within the stiff fingers.

It was a strange sight, crude and ghastly, but one not likely to arouse the faintest surprise here. Often men sat thus before the door of the little church, their dead beside them, carried down over the twisting trails through the night or in the early morning, in such manner as the surviving could afford. They were poor, these ragged, careless peons, but seldom were the pesos too scarce, or the way too long, for the living to carry the dead many miles over the hills and down here to the little church, to give them burial.

It was such a tiny box which the crouching peon had brought down in the early morning, that the light burden could have caused no weariness, save for the pitiful stillness of the little figure within. From time to time he looked slowly down at the flower-decked child, but there was nothing in his face of sorrow or joy, despair or hope—only a listless acceptance of the inevitable. It was Fate, this and many other things.

The Padre was a long time coming. He had been up betimes, but he had a guest this morning, a sore and weary Americano who had dragged himself into the village the night before, having suffered grievously in body and in purse at the hands of the cleverest of robbers. It was a miracle, surely, that he should be here, since where Pedro Gonzales robbed he ever killed, and foolish men who ventured alone across the hills, with gold in their belts, disappeared from time to time like pebbles dropped into a deep pool. The rascal's mind must have been mightily taken with other things to have so neglected a victim; nevertheless the Americano had escaped, crawling painfully through the bushes and running, slipping, dodging over the rough way to the village, where the Padre, roused from his first sleep, had received the stranger with open arms and assiduous ministrations. Seldom did visitors of education and worldly training come into this hill-girded village, and it is small wonder that the Padre lingered over his breakfast, talking of the busy outside world with his guest, who responded gallantly, in such Spanish as he could muster. The man of good works arose reluctantly.

"You will not leave us to-day?" he inquired, solicitously. "My house is yours while you remain. Myself, I must leave you for a time; my servant tells me that a peon awaits me at the church, having walked farover the hills to give his child Christian burial."

"Carried it here himself?" queried the Americano, fastidiously.

"Yes. Oh, yes. They bring their dead to me on rough litters or laid in an open box, but Senor Marsden; command my servant."

Marsden watched him trudging sturdily over to the church, saw the peon arise with weary but reverent gesture, and take up the little pasteboard box in one hand.

Then, beausce his shoulder still ached from the attention of Senor Gonzales, he rubbed it resentfully and rolled a cigarette wherewith to console himself.

"Poor little beggar," he muttered, "it can't be much bigger than a kitten, if it goes in that box. What a queer, ghastly performance it is, this taking your own dead in your arms and carrying them miles for burial, only to have some vandal dig them up in a few months if you don't pay your grave rent. They have queer practices here in our new possessions, but I suppose the poor devils think they are happy. I might step over and see it through. Hang that brute, but I am sore!"

He wandered languidly over, slipping quietly in the church door and standing back in the shadow that his intrusion might not be observed and resented by the poor wretch in front.

From where the Americano stood could see the lidless pasteboard box as it lay before the altar, and the tiny occupant with his crossed hands and the slowly wilting flowers in his fingers. The light of the candles paled before a slender shaft of sunshine, striking down from a window and gleaming across the peon's face whenever he raised his head. Marsden's eyes wandered slowly from peon to child, from child to priest, and back again to the man who had carried his son over the hills in the early morning, to give him the last rites of his church. Then he slipped out again, as quietly as he had entered, and was leaning over the rough wall of the cemetery when the peon came out.

They had a queer fascination for him, these cemeteries of Spanish America. He frowned musingly as his eyes wandered to the corners of the enclosure, where lay the bones of the evicted dead, dug coolly from their graves and flung here as refuse, because thier grave rental was past due.

"Savage custom," Marsden muttered, and forgot the dishonered bones as the peon came again into his line of vision. He limped slightly, and stooped as though years of toil had bent and stiffened him, as he went toward the little stone building at the end of the cemetery, scarcely to be termed a receiving vault, being barren of everything save four walls and a roof, and in which the dead were thrust until there were enough of them to bury at once.

When he came out, leaving the flowerwreathed box behind him, the American barred his path, staring at him curiously.

"Good morning, my friend. It occurs to me that you have considerable nerve."

Like a flash the weary stoop vanished, and the limping peon was a tall half-breed with scowling brow, erect and muscular.

"Senor Americano!" he responded, jauntily, and squared his shoulders in cool defiance, but the gleam in his eyes was not pleasant as he took in the probable chances of escape or capture. A group of men were coming down the road; the Padre was just leaving the church door.

"Why did you do it?" Marsden asked, steadily.

"Why not, Senor? Is the son of a brigand to be thrown out on the hillside, like a dog?"

He shrugged his shoulders insolently, but his narrowing eyes were measuring the distance between himself and the Americano, and again to the group of men who walked between him and the hills.

"You were fortunate to escape, Senor. Where Pedro Gonzales strikes he also kills, that no man may point to him and say, 'That man is Pedro Gonzales, the robber.'"

The Americano gave no attention. He was rubbing his shoulder thoughtfully, and looking beyond at the little stone house of the dead.

The woman's voice was insistently in his ears. He guessed now for what she had been pleading, and what had lain on the bed in the dark corner. He turned his gaze back to the half-breed as though he was studying some curious psychological phenomenon.

"I think you'd better be going," he suggested, casually, a grim smile pulling at the corners of his mouth. "The climate of the valley is not healthy for persons accustomed to dryer air, especially robbers. If we should meet in town, I have a poor memory for faces you know, but if I ever see you again in the hills, I shall probably shoot you."

A look of uncomprehending wonder spread over the half-breed's face, but a flashing smile of intelligence followed it. The tall figure drooped again to its aged stoop, and limped painfully past Marsden, making for the road and liberty.

"The Senor is a good enemy," floated back over his shoulder. "It is pleasant to fight a brave man. Adios."

He passed the group on the road safely, and a moment later vanished into the tangle of trees and brush leading into the hills.

At dawn the next morning a saddled horse was found before the Padre's door, and there was great wonderment in that village when Marsden recognized it as his own, but the Americano kept his own counsel, and smiled wisely to himself as he mounted and went forth again on his journey.

How Mosquitoes May be Exterminated.

In view of the suggestion recently made that the efforts of the school children be enlisted this summer in a campaign of extermination of mosquitoes, which are now conceded by scientific authorities to be responsible for the spread of disease, the following instructions for the destruction of mosquitoes, issued by the Marine Hospital Service in Laredo and in other cities along the border line of Texas, where yellow fever has been raging, are of interest. Mosquitoes are responsible for the spread of the malaria, as well as of yellow fever, and their destruction on general principles is praiseworthy. The instructions read as follows:

Mosquitoes breed only in deposits of clean water.

Mosquitos live in the vicinity where they breed. Invasions from a distance are rare.

The larvae of the mosquito live in the water from 7 to 12 days. Notwithstanding that they are natives of the water, the mosquito larvae must rise to the surface to breathe the free air.

If the surface of the water is covered with petroleum the larvae cannot breathe and they die.

Destroy the water deposits where the mosquitos breed and the breeding will be avoided.

Empty all buckets, tins, flowerpots, vases, etc., at laset every two days.

All pools, ditches or wells should be filled with dirt or drained.

Water intended for beasts, chickens and all other animals should be renewed daily.

All water that cannot be drained should be covered with petroleum—0 grams to each square meter of surface. The oil does not injure the water intended for use if it is drawn from below by means of a pump or other medium.

All cistern, wells or tanks of water in daily use should be covered with wire screens.

Deposits that do not admit of the use of petroleum, such as watering places for animals, will require the precaution of renewing the water daily and cleaning the deposits.

Vegetation around pools or wells of water should be destroyed, as it furnishes shelter for the adult mosquito.

Absolute cleanliness should be observed in vacant blocks and lots, and all trash should be burned.

Growing Grapevines.

A good and practical method of obtaining a small stock of choice grapes is by means of layering; this is an easy and a quick way and one much practiced by old-time fruit culturists but now seldom followed, as most of the vines are quickly grown from green and ripe cuttings in the forcing houses; those from green cuttings do not make as vigorous and healthy vines as those grown from well-ripened wood. Layer grape vines are superior to either, as they make a stronger root growth. To layer a grape dig a slight trench four to six feet in length and about six inches in depth close to the parent grape, peg one of last year's cones in the bottom of this trench, being careful not to break off the buds; from each of these buds a shoot will start; when these shoots are six inches in height and the wood hard draw a little of the fine black earth into the trench. After an interval of two weeks a little more of the earth may be drawn in, and at the end of the second month fill the trench level with the surface. The ground must be kept mellow; free from grass and weeds, drive down a stout stake close to each one and tie the grape shoot to the stake. By the last of October there will be a plentiful root growth from each joint, the cane should then be cut through, the vines may then be taken up and planted out where they are to be permanently placed. Most all the hardy grapes may be propagated by this method.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2302-0116